

THE STORY OF Mr BOLL'S



BY ALICE TRIMPER



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THE STORY OF Mr BOLL'S

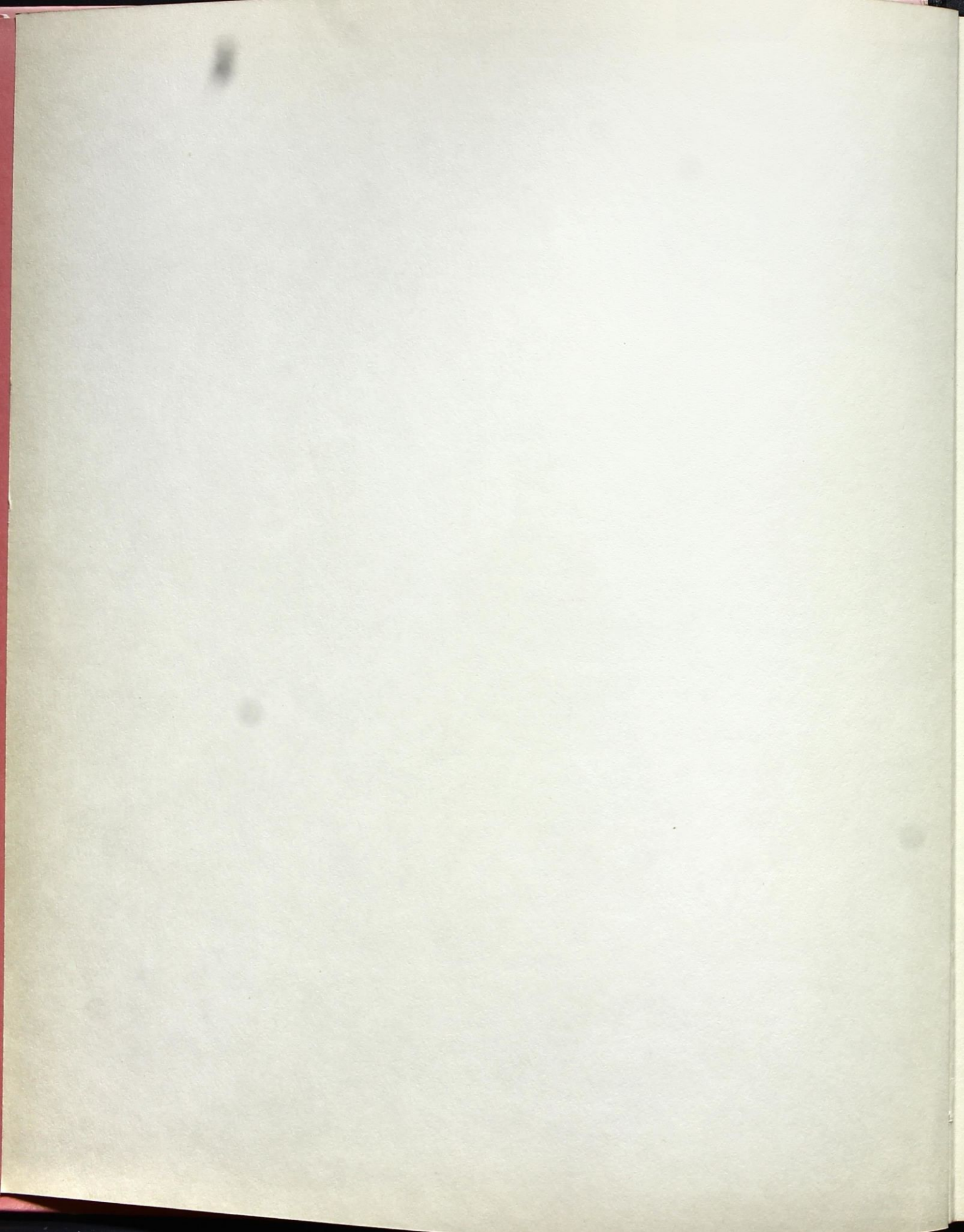


BY ALICE TRIMPET



Merry Christmas
To mother
from
Ray & Mayjane
Dec. 1939





THE STORY OF MY DOLLS



Janet & Scott



A Group of Early Dolls

THE STORY OF MY DOLLS

By

ALICE KENT TRIMPEY



Illustrated with Sketches by

JANET LAURA SCOTT

1935

WHITMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

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WHITMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
Racine, Wisconsin

Printed in U. S. A.



TO THE MEMORY

Of happy childhood hours, in years that have long
gone by; a beloved mother and Becky: I dedicate

THE STORY OF MY DOLLS



FOREWORD

For twenty years I have studied and collected dolls; and nothing else I have ever done has afforded me such keen delight.

At the request of many who still retain the freshness of youth, whose lives have not become hardened by the disappointments and the mad rush of present day living, I have written this—the true story of my dolls.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
The Story of Becky	18
The Story of Sally Ingalls	24
The Story of Major Du Pont	31
The Story of Emeline	35
The Story of Marilla	38
The Story of Tillie	40
The Story of Aunt Susan	42
The Story of Hulda	44
The Story of Abigail	46
The Story of Mrs. Tompkins	50
The Family of English Dolls	53
The Story of Polly	58
The Story of Mrs. Ray	63
The Story of Minerva	68
The Story of Miss Luciny	70

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
A Group of Early Dolls	6
A Family of Old Dolls	10
Becky, the Doll of Happy Childhood Memories	19
Sally Ingalls, the Doll from New Hampshire	27
The Gallant Frenchman, Major Du Pont	32
Emeline, the Naughty One of the Family	37
Marilla, a Lovely French Lady	39
No One Seems to Know Much About Tillie	41
Aunt Susan Is the Head of the Doll Family	43
Hulda Is a Perfect Type of Motherly Devotion	45
Abigail's Head Is Beautiful—but She Has Thick Ankles	47
Mrs. Tompkins Is a Bright-eyed Little Wax Doll	51
Clarissa Is Charming—a Real Beauty	55
Martha Is Clarissa's Younger Sister	57
A Bible, Some Old Whiskey Flasks—and Polly	59
Mrs. Ray Is a Wooden Doll, from the Time of Queen Anne	65
The Family of English Dolls	67
Minerva Is an English Doll of Gentle Birth	69
Miss Luciny—a Doll of the Old South	73

FOREWORD BY ZONA GALE

Certain words make images which fascinate us, enspell us, give us their glamour. These words vary with the mind and inclination of the one to be enspelled. For this one the word "rose," or "waxen" or "hermitage" will create the pause, the glamour. For that one the phrase "dawn in a beautiful valley" or "a grove of white birches" or "the Vale of Kashmir" will bring the magic. But for young and old there is one word which yields inevitable enchantment—tender or tolerant, but yet always enchantment—and that is the word "doll."

Dolls. Tiny beings. Utterly tractable children, with all the delight of smallness and daintiness and beauty plus the adult and wise in their faces. Midgets who know all and yet are content to be tamed, companioned, played with. Small faces and forms with all the fascination of childhood plus the exquisiteness of the mature, the completed. Court ladies who are as gentle as kittens, baby beings who never cry, old fashioned beauties stepping from then into now as if the change were nothing. Exquisitely feminine, silken, smiling, dolls dominate us as we love to be dominated, without admission of the tie. Feminine always,—for a boy doll is as anomalous as, say, a chorus man. Always befitting and equal

to the hour, always poised and aware, with a look a little weary within the watching smile. The dolls of earth weave an influence such as women should always weave—and not always do weave. It is an influence apart from all known qualities. It is a glorification of nothingness, until a powerful positive emerges. Dolls have upon the race something of the sovereign hold of ghosts and fairies. Dolls are aloof, touchable, enigmatic, magnetic, infinitely desirable . . .

With their blundering oversight, the Freudians have classified, in their dreary way, a response to dolls as a kind of dislocation of maternity, or a prolonged infantilism. Nothing could be so inadequate, superficial, piece-meal a branding. As well affirm that to be aware of open space is to wish to be a bird.

No, all the delicate, the diminutive, the elusive, the gracious—all the charm of visible being, is caught and made for us a little permanent in dolls.

It is her feeling for this inner quality in dolls—in *The Doll*—which gives to Mrs. Trimpey's collection its special value. She has collected dolls which express that which vaguely we mean when we say "doll." She has done us a service in assembling some of the rare, the quaint, the supreme examples of dolls. And then, in her story of their own adventures, in this story of her dolls, she has made all dolls articulate.

ZONA GALE

INTRODUCTION

Times without number I have been asked for the story of my dolls and why I collect them. Even those people who seem amazed at my hobby are themselves collectors, unconsciously to be sure, but collectors nevertheless. I might ask them why, when they buy shoes, they purchase a pair to match each frock, or a hat to go with each suit, did I not know that they are obeying a perfectly normal instinct.

One can hardly imagine a life so drab as not to find it thrilling to possess at last something long coveted, even though it be nothing more than another variety of flower seeds.

The person who considers the collecting of dolls highly ridiculous might be the sort of person who looks up the late arrivals in her neighborhood for the sole purpose of learning a new recipe for mixed pickles—for which she already has a score and six. The collecting instinct is ever present: no one could be altogether happy without it, it seems, and very often (I speak from

experience) one can be woefully unhappy with it. I often view my rapidly increasing family of dolls and my empty purse with consternation, vowing each extravagant purchase will be my last; but alas! my resolutions soon vanish, and, possessed with the old spirit of adventure I seek the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow—which means that I go in quest of another rare old doll.

When I find a desirable doll, I approach her owner with fear and trembling, wondering all the while whether her ideas of price have been sent skyward by reading some magazine article about spectacular purchases by eager collectors. Tragic indeed, if so, for then begins the real diplomacy of buying—waiting for an opportune time—when the taxes are due, or Mary wants a new fur coat. And one is daily tormented with the thought of being told that the doll “is not for sale; she belonged to grandma and she is very dear to us,” and at the same time seeing her hustled back to lie forgotten in the dust of the attic.



Who can describe the blissful anticipation that warms the heart of a collector! With a well-filled lunch basket and a tank full of gasoline, and imbued with the keenest spirit of adventure, he is off at sunrise. The dew is on the grass, the

wild flowers nod by the wayside, and the meadow-lark is singing in the hedge-row. The millionaire who passes him in his powerful limousine creates not one particle of envy. To be sure, the rich have their money but the collector—ah! he may go home at dusk with a Queen Ann mirror, a Stiegle bottle or a quaint old doll!

Quaint things to collect are dolls. They possess all the sweet sentiment of childish belongings, with the alluring charm of days long gone. Rare dolls are hard to find, and often, having been in one family for several generations, they are almost impossible to purchase when one does run across them.

There are many rare and valuable collections. Those of M. Henry d' Allemagne, M. Georges Seligman of Paris, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Queen Marie of Roumania, and the very rare one of the late Queen Victoria of England, are the best known.

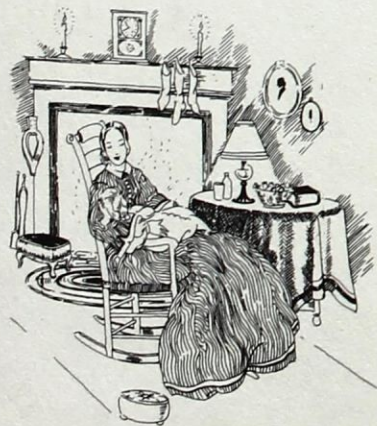
I have had many joys during a busy life, but nothing else has given me the happiness that I gain from my collecting of dolls. If the day ever comes when a winding road does not intrigue me, when I cannot find peace near some secluded pool far from the haunts of daily living, and when I do not respond to the thrill of collecting—I shall have passed on.

ALICE TRIMPEY

THE STORY OF BECKY

It was a very tired and sick little four-year-old girl that mother held in her arms one Christmas eve, many, many years ago. The simple shopping she had been accustomed to do at holiday time had given way to caring for her baby, who was suffering with the earache.

Tired and sad she rocked the small child in the old cane-bottomed chair, vainly trying to lure the sandman with stories of Jack and the Beanstalk, and of her own childhood days far away in the hills of New Hampshire—especially the tale that never grew old, of the time when she, as a young girl in school, stayed with an aunt in a village near by . . .



“One night, when all was still, my Aunt Molly,” the mother related, “who was ever alert to the welfare of her flock, was awakened by the sound of muffled sobbing in the adjoining bedroom. When



Becky, the Doll of Happy Childhood Memories



she investigated, she found — whom do you suppose?—her homesick little niece suffering with the earache. That little niece was none other than I.

“In the dim candlelight she lifted me out of the depths of the feather bed, softly whispering, as she rocked me to and fro in her arms:

“‘Never mind, Becky Ann. I’ll have father get some of that black sheep’s wool. We’ll wet it in camphor, and put it in your ear, and soon you will forget all about the bad pain.’

“Whether it was the magic of the black sheep’s wool, or the soft crooning of an old song as Aunt Molly tucked me away under the covers, I never knew. But when I awoke the sun was peeping in through the curtain, lighting up the gay patch quilt. I heard the old clock on the mantle strike ten. True to Aunt Molly’s prophecy, I had forgotten all about the earache that was keeping me awake the night before.”

But Mother’s stories seemed of no avail on this holiday eve. When things had reached a very unhappy state, and Santa Claus seemed to have passed the four-year-old by, an older sister arrived with a beautiful doll dressed in quaint delaine, and gay

red morocco shoes, all beautifully made by loving hands. The little girl was overjoyed. With the doll's pretty pink face snuggled close to her little tear-stained cheek, she was cured with a magic like the black sheep's wool, and fell asleep, her troubles gone. . .

That Christmas was part of my life, and that doll was among the first I ever collected! For that four-year-old girl was I—and that was indeed many, many years ago.

From that day until this, that doll's life and mine have been very closely interwoven. She was, and is still, very dear to me. The hours I used to spend with her under the old grapevine tree are among my fondest recollections. She was a refuge in my times of despair. Though she was a doll, she seemed alive to me. I could imagine in her face any expression I wished to see there.

The recollection of Becky that most amuses me now is how she shared her wardrobe with a motherly old spotted cat. I used to put Becky's dresses on the cat, who, when not attending to feline duties, seemed quite happy in her unusual attire. With her soft little paws sticking out of the sleeves she would sit for hours, no doubt wondering what it was all about.

Becky did not seem to mind either, for she was never a bit temperamental. In fact, I often fancied that Becky smiled with

me at the cute appearance of the cat in one of her gowns.

My constant companion, Becky naturally contracted all the ills I fell heir to. She patiently shared my castor oil and cough syrup, but to this day, in sackcloth and ashes, I am sorry for compelling her to endure mustard plasters and a red flannel petticoat. She had the measles, died and was put away, when lo! shortly after, she died again, this time of the whooping cough.

A wonderful oak tree covered with a tangled grapevine was the rendezvous of the dolls of the neighborhood. There they met with their small "mothers," and were put through the trials and tribulations of life—in miniature. Before the days of bridge and automobiles, funerals were large and well attended. It was inevitable, then, that many dolls should die—that they might have funerals. I have often wondered what became of all the china dolls that died so mysteriously, and were buried under the old russet apple

tree at the corner of the barn.



I think my passion for Becky began to wane when I reached the age of nine or ten. She was put away in the bottom of an old chest, where she lay neglected for years. The chest was used for storing bed-

ding, and thus, semi-annually, someone discovered Becky, but to no avail, for I cruelly let her lie there.

Perhaps the fact that old friends are dearest accounts for my having resurrected Becky twenty years ago, and she again became one of the family. Time has dealt very kindly with her; her eyes are as blue, and her cheeks as pink, as in those happy days we spent together under the old grapevine tree. She is very gracious to all the late arrivals, but my conscience tells me that she too should have a silk dress. Nothing could induce me to part with her, and when my collecting days are over, and I start on my last journey—not in search of the old, but of the new—I shall not be alone, for Becky will go with me.

THE STORY OF SALLY INGALLS

The settling of my grandfather's estate in 1905 made it necessary for me to journey to New Hampshire to supervise selling his things at auction. When I arrived at the tiny village that had been his home for many years, I found the house unoccupied.

It was some hours before the time set for the auction, but I secured the key, and for the first time crossed the threshold of my grandparent's early home.

Alone I sat down on the old haircloth sofa. A multitude of thoughts came rushing in upon me: all the stories that had been told me of the old home and the generations that had lived there.



I recalled Thanksgiving day, the ground white with snow, the guests coming in sleighs drawn by prancing horses the merry chime of bells filling the air wide doors thrown open glad voices of welcome crackling

logs in the fireplace the old Seth Thomas clock and brass candlesticks on the mantelpiece glimpses of the dining room, its table burdened with good things to eat (from the little roasted pig with an apple in his mouth, to the mince pies, and plum pudding) relatives, chattering and



merry, from grandmother down to the wee tots—all seated now in the old Windsor chairs, with bowed heads listening to grandfather's blessing on all the happy gathering, and thanking God for the good things of earth brocaded dresses, high combs and bobbing curls, beauty patches of court-plaster in squares and half-moons on the ladies' faces.

How delightful one's memory is! No one can rob us of it, and, although the picture is faded and belongs to the long ago, I remember the stories as clearly as though they were told me yesterday.

I wandered through the house, once the scene of many happy gatherings, and a feeling of sadness came over me as I noticed the quaint old furniture that had served the stately ladies and gen-

tlement of another day. It now seemed neglected and forlorn.

The rays of sunlight filtering through the shutters of an east window seemed to turn the mellow old wood of a pine cupboard into gold. If it could speak, what stories it would tell of all the things its shelves once held in days long gone!

The gooseberry jam in the blue paneled tumbler that stood back of the mulberry teapot the spiced currants Aunt Mary made when she came home to visit Grandma the preserves from the wild strawberries which grew along the road to Uncle John's . . . the dried apples from the old crooked tree back of the barn the willow sugar bowl with a broken lid, pushed off by a mischievous baby's fingers, reaching for the caraway cookies that seemed far beyond baby's grasp.

This baby, grown to manhood, now dwells in stately halls,



with naught but wealth to meet his gaze, but when alone and twilight falls, his memory clings to bygone days and bygone things. He remembers all his childish joys, but stronger than anything else is the memory of the gooseberry jam in the cracked



Sally Ingalls, the Doll from New Hampshire

tumbler that stood in the old pine cupboard.

I left the old living room reluctantly. I climbed the narrow stairs leading to the attic, the uncanny stillness was broken only by a bat flying in the chimney. I groped along through piles of hoop skirts, hat boxes, family portraits, and other antique relics, until I came to a small, nail-studded leather trunk. It was filled with letters and store bills, a few pieces of jewelry, and some silver spoons, but away down in the corner was a roll of cloth.

I took out the cloth and unwrapped it. It proved to be an old silk waist. It was wound very carefully around an old doll. The silk wrapping was brocaded, lined with heavy linen, and having every seam fortified with whalebones. It was covered with mildew, and the lace at the neck and wrists was yellowed with age. But the doll was in perfect condition.

I returned to the yard to find the farmer folks gathering for the auction, which was about the only break, for years, in their mode of life. This particular auction was of more than usual interest to them, for they wished to look at me. I had come all the way from Wisconsin, which seemed very far away to them. I think they were a little disappointed when they found I did not at all resemble an Indian with a blanket.

The auctioneer very graciously accepted my bid on any article I wished, and after the neighbors had gazed long and lovingly at the familiar pieces that were soon to be lost to them forever, they left, and I found myself alone at dusk, with my belongings in front of the old vacant house in the grass-grown street. Not a sound could be heard save the tinkling of the bells on the cattle coming down the lane, and a night bird calling to its mate. There was no store of any kind—and no carpenter. How was I ever to get my things packed?

A kindly neighbor, who had been watching me from her window, volunteered to find someone to help me, and after a short time there appeared, coming down the street, a quaint, tired-looking little man in a shiny swallow-tail coat and a low derby hat.

Asked if he could pack the furniture to go a long way, he replied with a dry little smile, "I ought to be able to. I am a Methodist minister."

He did his work conscientiously and well, and my grandfather's old pieces arrived safely by freight in a few days. But little Sally Ingalls, the old doll whom I had discovered in the bottom of the battered trunk, came home in the train with me, and here she has been ever since.

Sally, by the way, is sixteen inches tall. She has a body of kid leather, with wooden hands and feet and a papier-mâché head. She belongs to the generation of dolls that came out after the wooden dolls and before the composition heads which characterized the period from 1800 to 1840.

THE STORY OF MAJOR DUPONT

This distinguished officer, dressed, as you might say, within an inch of his life, has grown grey in the service. He is Major Du Pont, a French costume doll. Few of these dolls are to be found nowadays. Most of those still in existence are owned by collectors or museums.

The Major, so the story goes, was discovered in Paris by the captain of a whaling vessel, and from that time on, his was a life of adventure. The captain took the Major with him as he sailed the seven seas. Happy, indeed, was any pioneer family among whose members was a sea captain, for the rare and interesting things he brought back from long voyages are as beautiful as anything that has survived from bygone days.

The Major sailed many years with the old captain until, during a terrible storm, the vessel went down in New York Harbor. The Major was then taken ashore in an old chest full of the captain's personal belongings.



The Gallant Frenchman, Major Du Pont

For a time he led a colorless and uneventful existence, until we invited him to join our family. He learned, poor man, too late that all the battles he had been in required less courage than the care of fifty ladies, each a hundred years old, whose dispositions had not improved with age.

I have noted of late the Major's very solicitous attention to Marilla, whether on account of her aristocratic French lineage or her rare beauty, I do not know. For some reason or other he has washed his face recently—the first time, I feel quite sure, since the battle of Waterloo. What affair of sentiment may develop, I cannot foretell, but judging from the perfectly indifferent expression upon Marilla's face, she is not responding as yet. She no doubt remembers the reputation of sailors—that they have a sweetheart in every port.

The Major is a beautifully made wax doll, eighteen inches tall, with eyebrows and even lashes of real hair. His worried expression may be laid to the care of the fifty ladies already mentioned. Most men find the care of one lady very trying. He



wears his original suit of black broadcloth, heavily trimmed with gold braid and buttons, and he still carries his sword.

These dolls were made by the French about 1850, supplanting the china and papier-mache heads.



THE STORY OF EMELINE

Though a beauty, Emeline is, I am sorry to relate, the naughty one of the family. She is so temperamental that, to save trouble, I keep her in a drawer all alone, and one can see by her expression that she cannot be convinced that she is ever wrong.

She came from Boston with a consignment of rugs, and her appearance on her arrival was most unbecoming. The buttons were off her dress, her stockings hung over her shoe tops, and her unkempt hair and defiant manner told me that she—well, I almost doubted her morals. She looked as if her nights, for months, had been spent on the streets. She has, however, the earmarks of gentility. The maker's name on the soles of her shoes, her ball-bearing bisque head, the earrings which she so proudly wears, and her beautiful silk hair are proof of her having



been made in France about 1860 for the wealthy classes.

Dolls such as Emeline were sent out with complete wardrobes—hats, gowns, shoes, shawls, and even parasols—all in tiny trunks that would delight any child, and certainly thrill a collector.

Emeline has already sensed the Major's admiration for Marilla, and if the eternal triangle develops, Emeline will be the one who makes the trouble.

This delightfully naughty little doll with the "come hither" eyes is the spice of my collection. She gives just that piquancy required to make the family of dolls seem more than ever like little people.



Emeline, the Naughty One of the Family

THE STORY OF MARILLA

Marilla is a lady, a lovely French beauty. I sometimes catch myself wondering, as I look at her, if, like the Titian-haired Countess Patoka, Marilla, too, might have been one of Napoleon's amours.

From her classic features and exquisite coloring to her delicately tapered fingers, Marilla is an aristocrat. She came to Ohio in the early days, and was always surrounded with the luxuries of wealth. I acquired her, oddly enough, through a business deal, almost by accident. I did not see her before I got her, but when I finally laid eyes on her, I saw that she was one of the loveliest dolls of the collection.

Her head is of china, her body of smooth kid, and her clothing all that a lady of her distinction could wish for. With a gown of brown silk, a point lace bertha, and a diamond brooch, she is a perfect example of early femininity, and belongs to an age when ladies had real charm—the 1830 to 1840 period.



Marilla, a Lovely French Lady

THE STORY OF TILLIE

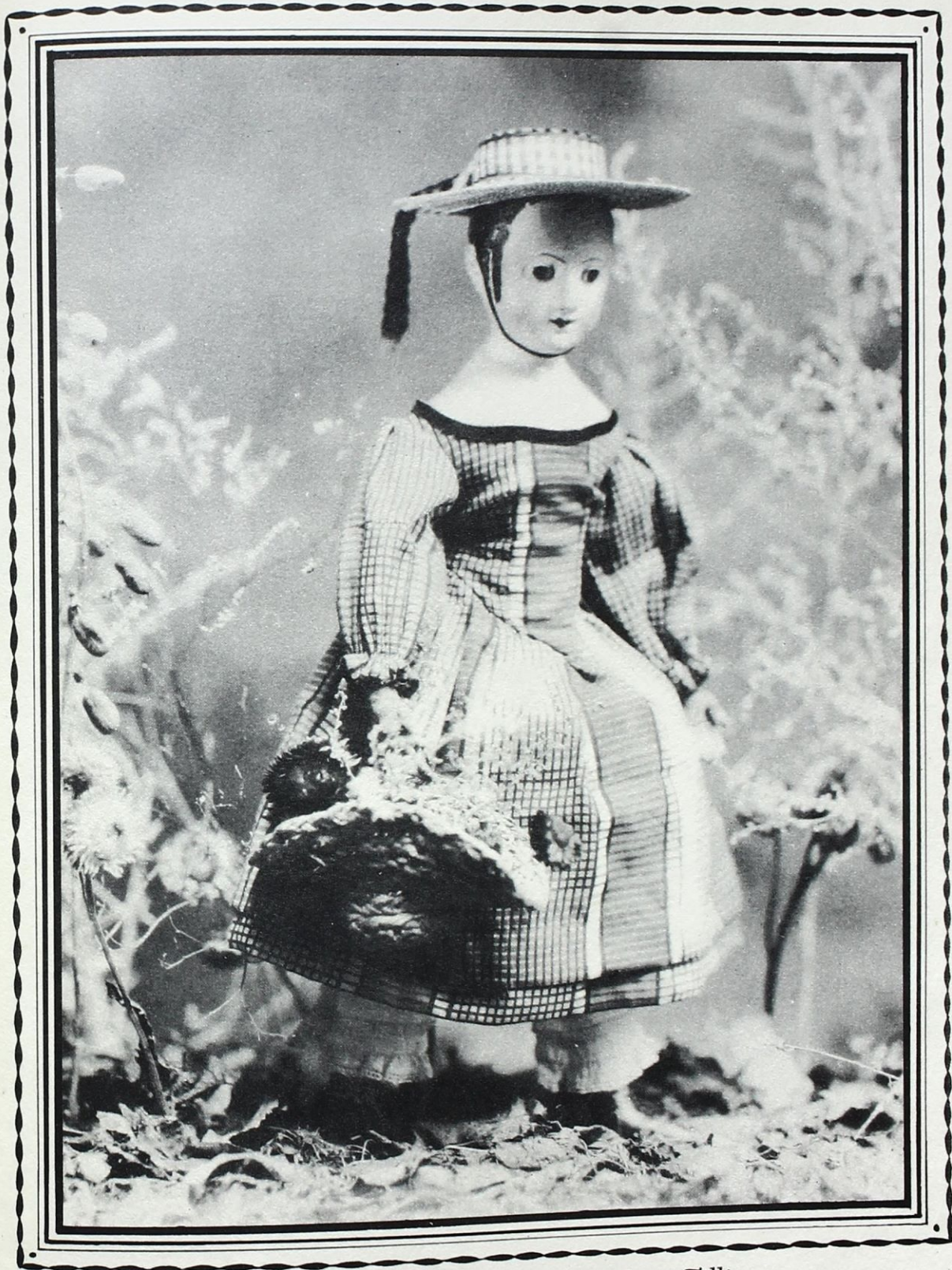
Tillie, like Topsy of old, "just grewed over night," and no one seems to know much about her. The "nobody loves me" expression on her rubber face should not be there, because she is very popular.

Her wrists and ankles have all been broken, and the painstaking stitches to mend them were put in by a loving grandmother, because, of course, Tillie's own little mother was too small to undertake any such complex business.

She sits all day long with her head on Becky's shoulder, listening, I suppose, to the stories of the funeral parties under the old grapevine tree.

She is a most unusual specimen, of rubberized cloth. Her shoes and style of hair dressing would place her in an 1831 class.





No One Seems to Know Much About Tillie

THE STORY OF AUNT SUSAN

Aunt Susan is really the head of the doll family. She is proficient in all lines of womanly endeavor, from attending to the household budget, presiding at club meetings, and keeping Emeline where she belongs, to helping poor little Hulda with her colicky baby.

It is Aunt Susan who attends to the cooking, with all her receipts for maple custards, applejacks, and crullers. One look at her face tells you she is a born pie-maker.

Her wonderful poise no doubt is due to her never sitting down in her eighty years of busy life—not from choice, but from necessity. She's built that way.

So here's to Aunt Susan—may she live a thousand busy, happy years, and then not die, but just fade away!





Aunt Susan Is the Head of the Doll Family

THE STORY OF HULDA

*"She was ready to sleep and she lay on my arm,
In her little frilled cap so fine,
With her golden hair falling out at the edge,
Like a circle of noon sunshine:
And I hummed the old tune of 'Banbury Cross,'
And 'Three Men Who Put Out to Sea,'
When she sleepily said, as she closed her blue eyes,
'Papa, what would you take for me?' "*

But unlike the baby in Eugene Field's lovely poem, Hulda's little colicky baby, after fifty years' of rocking, shows no signs of being sleepy. There is not a doll in the family who would not be willing to relieve Hulda, but she fears some inexperienced hand will ruffle her baby's stiff little curls which represent the first permanent wave, put in by some factory helper many years ago.

When the little cart in which Hulda rides is drawn, a very clever bit of mechanism under the platform starts in motion, Hulda's arms swing to and fro, and the baby cries loudly. A very rare toy is this—I have never seen or heard of another.



Hulda Is a Perfect Type of Motherly Devotion

THE STORY OF ABIGAIL

Abigail was reared in a very aristocratic family. The Georgian silver, Chippendale chairs, and maple highboys that were purchased in the days when she was bought, were wonderful to behold. What stories they could tell of past splendor! Then, falling step by step down the social ladder, Agibail came to rest in the shop of an antique dealer. Not much of her original body remained. During the many years of her wanderings and hardships, her sawdust filling had ebbed away, and the cavities had been stuffed and re-stuffed, until her upholstery was awful to behold.



But Abigail's head was something to dream about. It was made from a very rare type of composition, with the maker's name ("Greiner's Patent Heads, Pat. March 1858") on her shoulders.

I brought her home, dressed her in



Abigail's Head Is Beautiful—but She Has Thick Ankles

lavender silk, and gave her a place with Becky and the little English dolls. She disappeared from their midst so often, however, that I began to be curious and decided to investigate the mystery. After some months I found it was the man of the house who was the kidnapper, and each time she reappeared, his dislike grew more intense. He said not a word—in fact, he is too chivalrous to criticize ladies of her age—but after some months of real worry, I have decided it is her ankles that distress him so. He does not seem to understand that women born in 1858 were sewing and weaving by the dim light of a Betty lamp, making quilts to use on the trundle beds in the attic, and were not paying any attention to ankles. He should appreciate her being brave enough to wear the date of her birth, and no belle of 1930 could boast a lovelier complexion. I wonder if it could be sassafras tea that gave her a skin like that?

Whenever I look at Abigail, I recall a story once told me by a teacher who, though possessing a wealth of knowledge and a beautiful character, was indescribably plain to look at. She had a saffron-colored skin completely covered with freckles, and pale grey eyes (crossed), and this combination was framed with faded red hair.

THE STORY OF ABIGAIL

After school hours one day, a little girl lingered, and finally walking up to the desk, shyly put her arms around the teacher's neck and softly said, "I love you, Miss Greenwood, even if you are homely."

I am like that with Abigail: I love her even if she does have ugly ankles.



THE STORY OF MRS. TOMPKINS

Knowing of my passion for old dolls, dealers from all parts of the country frequently send on a rare find for my approval. Thus it was that one morning a strange-looking box came in from New York, which, when opened, revealed the little pop-eyed wax doll I call Mrs. Tompkins.

Sometime, somewhere, while on a buggy ride, she had suffered concussion of the brain, but notwithstanding her injuries and her very badly soiled clothing, she was still merry.



The letter that came with her gave her value as twenty dollars, which, considering her condition physically, I thought was much too high. I sent her back, and forgot all about her.

Two weeks later another box came in, this time from Boston, and there on top of the merchandise, bright-eyed and still



Mrs. Tompkins Is a Bright-eyed Little Wax Doll

smiling, sat this same little doll. She was evidently making the rounds of the eastern dealers, and this time the price was ten dollars. The patient man of the family who writes the checks decided then and there that if any lady of her age wanted to live with us badly enough to make two trips of that length within two weeks, we were going to keep her. That is why we have Mrs. Tompkins.

I have given her a little grey bombazine dress, which came over from England with a box of doll clothes, and she likes it almost as much as she does her hat, which is the hattiest hat of the various wardrobes. The day her photograph was taken she must have been on her way—if one may judge by her expression—to lecture to the business women's association on the value of a career for women as against the idea of their proper place being in the home.

THE FAMILY OF ENGLISH DOLLS

After months of vain searching, a London dealer in rare books with whom we have been in touch for years, finally purchased for us five rare dolls that in due time passed the customs and arrived safely. When I opened the tin box in which they were packed, what a sight met my gaze!

Their lovely wax faces were cracked. They had made the long journey minus clothing, just wrapped in the worn tissue paper put on them in the factory where they were made. In the letter received from our friend later, he explained he had found them in the attic of an apothecary store with stock put away one hundred and twenty years before.

Since their heads were of wax, the many years had played havoc with once attractive features. Unsightly cracks



completely covered their faces. In fact, they appeared almost worthless. Sadly disappointed, I laid the box down on a chair near a warm radiator, and in the morning—lo! a miracle had been wrought, for the heat from the radiator had so softened the wax that the wrinkles in their faces had almost disappeared. A massage effaced the ravages of time, and restored the dolls to their original attractiveness.

By a strange coincidence, they appear to be a family—an aristocratic little mother with her grey hair peeping out from under a fine blue bonnet, a little blue-eyed four-year-old with blond ringlets, an older sister, and then the two young ladies.

Clarissa is a beauty. I have always considered her my most charming doll. She has flaxen curls of real hair, merry black eyes and a most vivacious expression. Such a complexion on the face of a woman one hundred and fifteen years old would surely make her eligible to be featured in a face cream advertisement, provided, of course, she were socially prominent enough to answer all requirements. She has so much personal magnetism that men who never give a doll a second glance, immediately become alert when their eyes fall on her. But all men look alike to her. Regardless of how much attention or how little attention they pay her she



Clarissa Is Charming—a Real Beauty

has the same charming and attractive expression for them all.

Martha, Clarissa's younger sister, is very sweet, but an entirely different type.

These five dolls are dressed in silk, and the family I consider a very fine addition to my collection. The bodies are crudely made of cheap muslin filled with sawdust. They date from about the same time that papier-mâché heads were in use—the wax ones being intended for the better trade.



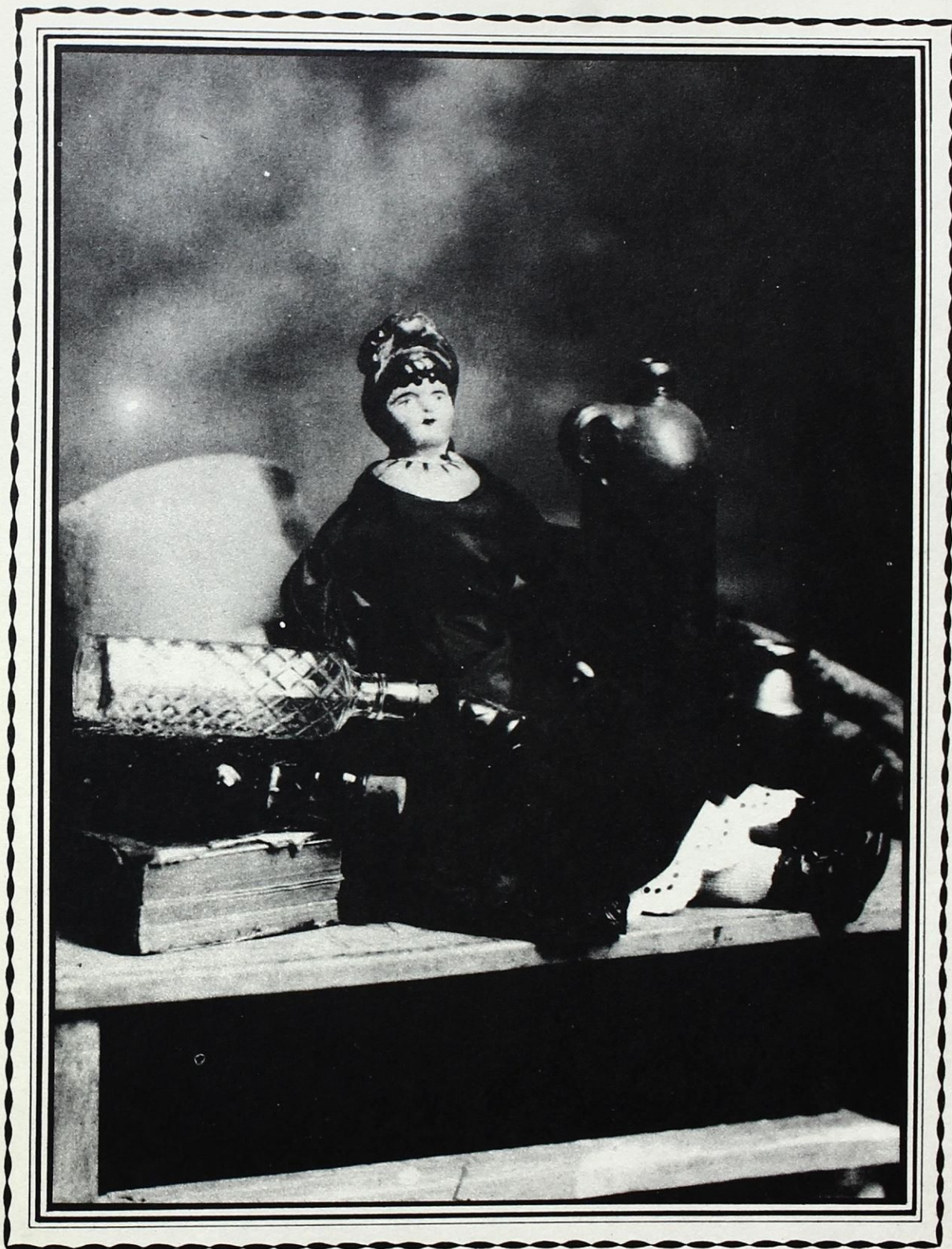
Martha Is Clarissa's Younger Sister

THE STORY OF POLLY

Polly lived for years in the home of a recluse on the outskirts of a Wisconsin town. Her life was monotonous, for since the early 1860's she had inhabited a box in the old lady's attic, her only neighbors being bolts of muslin, piles of shoes, old dishes and what not.

The day her owner died, Polly sat up and took notice, for she had a feeling that she was to start life all over again. To settle the estate, an auction was to be held and was advertised for an autumn day.

The house, closely guarded for years, was known for miles around to contain a wealth of antique furniture, and collectors from far and near helped to swell the motley crowd that nearly filled the small town on the first day of the auction. A strange mass of humanity, of all sorts and conditions of life, they were each and every one endowed with optimism if not with money. The comedy of an auction is sometimes marred by tragedy when



A Bible, Some Old Whiskey Flasks—and Polly

friends come to the parting of the ways over a Staffordshire dog or an old bottle.

The contents of the house had been carried into the yard and hastily heaped up in piles without any regard for quality or condition. A Paisley shawl was draped over an old stove, iron skillets were piled on half-worn clothing, and an old Bible lay helplessly beside a pile of whiskey flasks. In due time the auctioneer, keen-eyed and over-conscious of his own importance, mounted a rickety table and the show was on.

Knowing his audience, with keen perception he lured them on, and the real excitement began, as the bids rose by leaps and bounds.

The farmer folk were amused at first, then surprised, and finally dumfounded at the prices these old things were bringing. The buyers crowded closer and closer and finally lost all control of themselves when the auctioneer, for purposes of demonstration, nonchalantly donned a hoop skirt and a sedate poke bonnet.



Just then along came Polly, and

the auctioneer's eloquence surpassed all its previous heights as he held the little doll up to the amused glances of the throng.

"And here I have, ladies and gentlemen, a doll—no one knows whence she came or whither she goes, but she is a perfectly buxom looking gal, long past seventy-five years of age—yet as fresh as the day she was born.

"How much am I offered for this doll? Fifty cents? Fifty cents, fifty cents, who makes it the dollar—a dollar do I hear? A dollar I have, who bids a dollar and a half—the little lady right there with her hand up; now for the two dollars—do I hear two—this gentleman who knows a good doll. Two—do I hear three? Two once, two twice, and sold, this unusual doll, this wonderful doll for only two dollars."

In this mercenary manner, Polly left her old home and became a member of our family. She is quite unlike her companions. I suspect her of constantly telling about the mysterious old place; about the box where the diamonds were hidden, and the old covered buggy drawn by the black horse that made nightly trips up the driveway—it appeared to have no driver at all and just seemed to fade away out in the meadow. She used to watch at the window, when the moon came up, to confide her suspicions

THE STORY OF POLLY

to the little green tree toad that was always waiting for her on a branch of the oak tree.

For a long time I could not understand the frightened expression on Minerva's face, but now I know that it must be because Polly has her badly scared.



THE STORY OF MRS. RAY

Once upon a time, my doll collection was "written up" in a newspaper, and shortly after the issue containing the article appeared, I received the following charming letter, postmarked from London:

Dear Mrs. Trimpey,

I have just seen in the Christian Science Monitor of November 18th, an article called "Dolls from the Long Ago," with photographs of you and a group of your dolls.

I am much interested, because I possess two "dolls from the long ago," and I wondered whether you might care to have them for your collection, and if so, if you would make me an offer for them.

I know Americans like to have full details, so I am going to tell you about myself before describing the dolls.

I am a Christian Science practitioner and I have just returned from my first visit to Boston, where I saw the paragraph about you, and I thought

possibly you might care to have the dolls. Now I describe them.

The larger one has been handed down in my family, and I have always understood it dates from the reign of Queen Anne. The relative of my father's who gave it to me said so. She passed on at the age of ninety-one. The name of the doll is Mrs. Ray. She is entirely of wood, painted flesh color, with china eyes set in, and nearly the whole of her original dress has been preserved. She has a hoop skirt, a silk brocade dress (very stiff silk), beautifully made yellow silk corset, a yellow silk petticoat, leather shoes and a pocket tied round her waist. Her height is, I think, about eighteen inches, or perhaps a little less. I am not getting the dolls out to measure them, because I have such a busy life that I know I must write this letter at once if it is to go at all, otherwise I shall lose the address.

The second doll is only about six inches long. She is very dainty. A lady who, as a little girl, went to the Great Exhibition of 1851 in London, had it given to her then, and she gave it to me when I was a little girl.

She is made wholly of wax, with little black silk side-curls showing under a white muslin cap. The dress is all of white muslin rather discolored with age, and trimmed with pale blue silk.

These are my dolls, and if you care to have them, I will send them to you, or bring them out to America the next time I come perhaps. I rarely look at them now; and my old nurse who has been in the family long before my time (sixty-five years altogether) and who loved these dolls, left me two years ago, aged eighty-eight. So I will gladly let them go where they will give more pleasure.



Mrs. Ray Is a Wooden Doll, from the Time of Queen Anne

After some correspondence, I purchased Mrs. Ray. In due time she arrived and we experienced the keenest joy of our many years of collecting. She is even finer than we had anticipated and in almost perfect condition. Two hundred and twenty-five years old, and so rare that the only one like her of which we have any record is in the Seligman collection of Paris.

Her clothing is beautifully made, and the yellow silk corset is really a work of art, perfectly shaped, with the tiniest whalebones, and laced, as is the dress, with a gold cord through delicately embroidered eyelets. It is an example of exquisite needle work.

Her placid face bears no trace of those tragic years during the reign of James the Second and his daughter Queen Anne.





The Family of English Dolls

THE STORY OF MINERVA

Minerva is of English parentage, and of gentle birth. She came to America in 1800. Notwithstanding her age, she has been so carefully taken care of that her original clothing is neither soiled nor wrinkled.

The dress of stiff lawn has the pattern and color of the old mulberry china, and carefully stitched on the belt is the store mark—one shilling, sixpence.

The bodies of dolls such as Minerva are exceedingly crude, but the heads are of wax and are beautiful beyond description.



The coloring of the face is delicate and the silken curls are most realistic.

They are very rare, for the reason that their fragility caused most of their lives to end early in disaster.



Minerva Is an English Doll of Gentle Birth

THE STORY OF MISS LUCINY

Shortly after we started in business, I noticed an advertisement in a Chicago daily paper offering a lot of old mahogany furniture for sale. I wrote at once, the address being a southern city. In due time the reply came, the delicate penmanship suggesting the early 1860's.

The letter was signed Julia Luciny, and its contents were most interesting. Miss Luciny told of the furniture having been in the family for many generations, and, as she was only occupying the old home temporarily and had no place to store and care for these pieces later, she wished to dispose of them.

The correspondence continued for some time, each letter containing descriptions which made me more anxious to make the trip, and, one day in early April, I started. It was a long journey of eight hundred miles, the last half of the distance being through a very desolate country, evidently prosperous at one time, but the farms, many with beautiful dwellings, had gone to decay.

My destination was a small city of perhaps six thousand inhabitants, and my first impression of Julia Luciny was one I will never forget.

She was perhaps sixty years old, slight and dark, with the poise of a duchess. Her dress was covered with an old linen ulster, many sizes too large, badly soiled and held together with safety pins, and her shabby shoes were not mates and minus buttons.

When I asked her the distance to her home, she replied: "Oh, it's only a mile, and you will enjoy the walk after your long ride."

She appeared to me too frail to walk even a block, so I called a cab and we rumbled along in the rickety old vehicle. The streets were lined with houses that had seen better days: faded shutters swinging on one hinge, broken-down porches and neglected door-yards. Turning sharply into an overgrown driveway, we stopped at the rear of an old colonial mansion, and this was Julia Luciny's home.

The scraggly apple trees were pink with blossoms. In the distance, I caught glimpses of the cabins, once occupied by the slaves. The land beyond, nestling against the blue foothills, no doubt once made an interesting picture with the negroes singing as they swayed to and fro while they toiled in the cotton fields.

Externally, the house was in fair condition and in spite of its weatherbeaten siding, it still had the dignity of an old southern mansion. In front of the house were the flagstones and shrubs of what remained of a formal garden. The stone Cupid still stood in the neglected fountain, in pitiful contrast to those times before the Civil War period, when it sparkled in the moonlight, and was a part of the picturesque setting of those romantic days of the south—the nights when the spacious ballroom and verandas were filled with the aristocracy of that section; when dark-eyed southern beauties in rich silks, filmy lace and sparkling jewels, lovely feather fans and gold lorgnettes, danced the minuet with courtly gentlemen. Abraham Lincoln and his fellow statesmen were frequent visitors in this house.



Seated in the old Windsor rocking chair on a back veranda, I listened to Miss Luciny's story, told most entertainingly, while she moved quietly in and out of the one room that she occupied.

When she removed the linen ulster, and her shabby black dress was



Miss Luciny—a Doll of the Old South

revealed, she looked more pathetic, if possible, than before.

She built a wood fire in the old stove and, as soon as the kettle began to sing, she prepared her simple meal and placed it on an old pine table.

As I watched her presiding so graciously, where every dish was cracked or chipped, with no butter for her rolls, and no sugar for her fruit, I decided she owed her wonderful personal charm to many generations of gentle breeding.

Time was flying, and I was becoming very anxious to see the furniture I had traveled so far to see. Finally I asked her about it and she invited me into the house. In the immense rooms now so desolate were many reminders of their former elegance—the high ceiling with hand-carved moulding, and below, the frieze of floral pattern, the quaint varnished wall paper, the spiral mahogany staircase, Battersea door knobs, and the remains of a crystal chandelier.

At last, as she unlocked the door to a bedroom, I caught a glimpse of box upon box, crate upon crate, piled to the ceiling, nailed and tied as securely as if they were being sent to China. I was dumfounded.

I said, "Miss Luciny, I have come eight hundred miles to see

this furniture, and when I get here, I find it all packed."

To which she replied, "Well, I wondered about it and finally decided, as it has been packed for fifteen years, I had better not uncover it."

She saw my disappointment, and began to search through some old hat boxes for things she thought might interest me. In one she found a man's silk hat, a pair of black mitts, a Chantilly lace shawl, and—a doll.

She seemed quite willing to part with it, and after I had wrapped it carefully in the shawl, I found it was nearing the time for the cabby to call for me.

As we drove away, I looked back. The April winds swept the fragrance of the apple blossoms across the driveway as a cardinal whistled in the lilac bush. The quaint little figure in the doorway waved a friendly farewell, and I lost sight of my charming Godey lady—forever.

The doll, which was the only purchase of the long journey, had belonged to her mother and is now about a hundred years old.

She has a beautiful composition head and a home-made body—sawdust filled.

THE STORY OF MISS LUCINY

I have tried to make her happy with bright shoes, hoop skirt and green silk dress, but when I look at her I often feel that she misses the cardinals in the plum trees and quaint little Miss Luciny, after whom I have named her.











The following is a list of
books available in large
picture story book style.



Muggins Mouse
By MARJORIE BARROWS

Peter Pan
Pictures by ROY BEST

Child's Garden of Verses
Pictures by JUANITA BENNETT

The Begging Bear
Pictures by LOUIS MOE

A Child Is Born
By EDNA DEAN BAKER

Who's Who in the Zoo
By MARJORIE BARROWS

Parade of the Animals
By JAMES ABELL WRIGHT

Alice in Wonderland
*With Pictures from the Paramount
Movie Featuring Charlotte Henry*

Mixie Dough, The Baker Man
By VERNON GRANT

The Story of My Dolls
By ALICE B. TRIMPEY

Fables of Fontaine

